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# REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1916

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.**

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## The Hughes Fizzle

By W. M. R.

IF his speech of acceptance is his measure, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes is a poor stick as a candidate for President. There is not in the whole address one touch of distinction. It is, to put it plainly, a dull performance. There's not one new note in it. All it says is that the present Administration is a failure, more particularly as to its foreign policies, but there is not one suggestion of constructive, positive policy as alternative to the course of President Wilson.

To the assertion of Mr. Hughes that the President has not done and is not doing the right thing with regard to Mexico, the instantaneous response is: "Very well; what would you do?" And to that query Mr. Hughes does not even pretend to give an answer.

With regard to the President's course towards Germany, Mr. Hughes says that he would have warned her when her representatives warned our people against taking passage on the *Lusitania*. In other words, Mr. Hughes as President would have assumed that Germany intended to violate international law by torpedoing a merchant vessel without warning, visit and search. Did Col. Roosevelt or any other critics of the President's course raise their voices in protest when the warning advertisements against sailing on the *Lusitania* appeared? They did not. The President, however, had issued a general notice to the belligerents that the rights of neutrals on the high seas must be respected. That was sufficient. He could not take for granted that with regard to that particular vessel, Germany was going to disregard the rules of civilized warfare. Mr. Hughes is guilty of fantastic preposterousness in putting forth at this late day his hindsight in the guise of statesmanlike pre-vision.

Reading Mr. Hughes on the issues which may be collectively covered by the word preparedness, is almost in the nature of comic relief. The President and his party have put preparedness into effect with regard to both the army and navy. Who cares what Mr. Hughes would do? President Wilson has done it. Mr. Hughes is only talking about it.

So with regard to the tariff issue as presented by Mr. Hughes. The President has forestalled him there, too. The President is ready to meet with the proper opportunist expedients the possibilities of dumping after the war. The President has made such a tentative concession to the Protectionist principle as futilizes the mere phrases of the Republican candidate.

I find absolutely nothing in the Hughes acceptance that is calculated to seduce anyone from the support of President Wilson. The gentleman from New York has nothing to offer in offset to the Wilson performances. What of the Federal Reserve law, of the rural credits law, of the pending and doubtless to be passed child labor law? Nothing. What of the Furuseth seamen's law that prevents the making a bond-slave of the sailor on American ships? Nothing. Where is the alternative better to the administration's pro-

posal of a government aided merchant marine? There is none. The work of the Commission on Industrial Relations, of the Federal Trade Commission, towards the relief of labor and business—Mr. Hughes cannot get away from it. The Republican candidate is dumb before the Wilson record of furthering the amelioration of conditions for the workers of the country.

Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance is cheap stuff, utterly unworthy of his reputation as a thinker and doer. It strikes me as being funny, for, in effect, Mr. Hughes seems to condemn President Wilson for not getting into war with Germany and Mexico, yet has not the courage to say straight out that he would have plumped us into war. He is as passionate for peace as anybody, yet he cannot find a good word to say for the Wilsonian policy, which, with whatever of faultiness in detail, is what has kept us at peace with Germany and with Mexico. How otherwise, in view of all the conditions, Mr. Hughes would have avoided war he does not say.

With regard to the overstressed matter of hyphenate disloyalty, Mr. Hughes declares himself with the proper American spirit. No sane person expected him to do anything else; but at that he is not as emphatic against divided allegiance as either Mr. Wilson or Col. Roosevelt. He might very easily have come out more effectively for "the United States first." He will get the so-called German-American vote, but the German-American vote so-called is preponderantly Republican anyhow.

Upon the subject of woman suffrage Mr. Hughes said he favored it and favored acting upon it at once, but he did not come out for submission by Congress of a woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution, until twelve hours after making his speech of acceptance. This should gain him some votes in the woman-suffrage states, but it is doubtful if many women voters will be turned from the support of President Wilson's policies of social and economic betterment by Mr. Hughes' declaration for early action upon the proposal to give the vote to women. The suffrage question will have to be decided finally by the states, and the friends of suffrage will have to campaign every exclusively male suffrage state, even after Congress has acted in their favor. That Mr. Hughes has given woman suffrage a strong boost is not to be denied. That it will carry any states for him or that it will swing any states into line for votes for women is doubtful. About all it does is to bring the suffrage issue into conspicuous importance in the campaign. It has an educative value. And it has some slight tendency to induce the Democracy to come forward and urge action to get the issue out of the way.

The Hughes acceptance does not contain one fresh political idea. It does not contain one novel statement of a familiar idea. It is an echo, and not a stentorian echo either, of the voice of Roosevelt. Rather I should say it is stertorous. To me, the utterance is a real disappointment—it is destitute even of personality or individuality. Reading it last Tuesday morning there came to mind insistently the descriptive phrase applied to Mr.



Hughes by Mr. William Randolph Hearst when the two were rival candidates for the governorship of New York—"an animated feather duster."

Unless Mr. Hughes can make a better showing of quality of mind than he made in New York City last Monday evening, he will have no more chance of defeating Mr. Wilson than a one-legged man in a kicking-match. He is a fizzle.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### State and Local Primary Results

MISSOURI'S State-wide primary came off last Tuesday with results which are highly gratifying, in spots. Of course, the MIRROR rejoices that the Democrats appear to have nominated Col. Fred D. Gardner for Governor. That is what this paper has been saying for a year they should do. He is an anti-clique candidate. He has a vital idea that what this commonwealth needs is more government on business principles and less politics. He wants the city and State to work together for development that will save both from backwardness. He came out flat-footed for the preservation of popular control over legislation and against the imposition of drastic sumptuary law by statutory enactment, evading the referendum. His success indicates that the scheme to slip over Prohibition has been scotched. He has fathered and will put into effect a land-bank bill to loan farmers money at low interest on long time. At the polls he wiped up the earth with the old state-house gang. He is the only man who ran for the nomination who could possibly be elected next November. Col. Gardner may possibly be the salvation of the party in this State, for the party rule has been thoroughly discredited for the past four years.

Mr. Swanger appears to be the Republican nominee for Governor, defeating a much abler man, if at all, by a very small margin. Mr. Swanger is supposed to owe his supposed victory to the fact that he was understood to be sympathetic to the dry movement. So strong was this understanding that the City of St. Louis gave him a terrible black eye in the returns. Mayor Kiel and his administration supported him and the deduction from the result is that Mayor Kiel cannot deliver the goods in his party. Collector Edmund Koeln has shown that he can walk rings round the Mayor as a political manager. The prospect is not bright for Mayor Kiel to secure renomination and re-election.

Mr. Walter S. Dickey is the Republican nominee for Senator, though Mr. Akins beat him in St. Louis, while Mr. Nathan Frank showed a strength that indicates he would have been the nominee if he had made a longer canvass of the State. Mr. Dickey was the candidate of the organization. He is a wealthy business man. He will not be able to defeat his Democratic opponent, nominated practically without opposition.

Returns from the State at large are not all in. It looks as if John P. Gordon, who emphatically shouldn't have been, undoubtedly is nominated for State Auditor.

The primary for nominations on the two city tickets resulted in victories for those aspirants closest to the party-workers, the men who "know the ropes." The Mayor's son-in-law was well beaten for nomination as Circuit Attorney, by Jephtha D. Howe's brother-in-law. Another body-blow for the Mayor. St. Louis preferred Mr. Charles B. Stark over Archelaus Woodson, in spite of the

Post-Dispatch exposure of his alleged unfitness. Four of the candidates recommended by the Bar Association for circuit judgeships were beaten. Both Democrats and Republicans nominated the fittest men aspiring to the shrievalty—Messrs. Dieckmann and Weinbrenner. Mr. Igoo was triumphantly renominated for Congress in the Eleventh District. Mr. Gill appears to be the nominee of the Democrats in the Twelfth, and Mr. Brennan of the Democrats in the Tenth districts. Mr. Dyer is the Republican nominee in the Twelfth. The Democrats had sense enough to renominate Mr. James P. Newell for Public Administrator.

The vote was small—68,389, or 10,000 less than similar former primaries, two and four years ago. The Republicans cast 43,308 votes; the Democrats, 25,081. These figures mean that there was more of a contest in the Republican than in the Democratic party in St. Louis. They seem to show that Republicans are not only more active but more numerous in this city.

♦♦

THERE'S getting to be a ring of undoubted sincerity in Kaiser William's public professions of a desire for peace.

♦♦

THOSE Democratic politicians in Missouri who are inclined to froth at the mouth in fear of a Single Tax movement in this state are ignorant or forgetful of the fact that there are three, maybe four, pretty good Single Taxers in President Wilson's cabinet, and two more recently appointed by President Wilson as justices of the Supreme Court.

♦♦

### Tammany and Wilson

TAMMANY is said to be sulking on Wilson in New York. Mr. Wilson sulked for quite a while on Tammany. But Tammany cannot expect much in the event of the election of Hughes, and neither Mr. Wilson nor Tammany is totally deficient in what the President has designated as "the spirit of accommodation." If Tammany is so "sore," how came it that Governor Martin H. Glynn was chosen to make the keynote speech at the St. Louis convention? Senator O'Gorman has a bit of a grouch, but he doesn't count. "Packy" McCabe, of Albany, is all right and the prepossessing "Packy" is a better political barometer than either the Senator or Charlie Murphy. I guess that if Governor Glynn should be nominated for United States Senator, the President would give him better support than was rendered from that quarter when Mr. Glynn was running for Governor against Whitman and "Same Old Bill" Sulzer. There is a whisper that the Administration would like to see Samuel Untermyer United States Senator from New York, but there are denials. Glynn is more available, if he would make the race. He was a good Comptroller and an excellent Governor, and his great neutrality speech puts the national party under obligation to him. Glynn would help the party in the present juncture more than Untermyer.

♦♦

THE voice of Mr. Parker, of Louisiana, is still the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He's got a nomination for Vice-President or a nomination for Vice-President has got him, and the uproar is tremendous. Will no one organize an expedition for the relief of Mr. Parker.

♦♦

### A Corrupt Practices Act

UNDER a proposed corrupt practices bill, soon to be passed by Congress, candidates for the Presidency are to be limited to an expenditure of \$50,000, and Vice-Presidential candidates to \$25,000. There are few candi-

dates who can afford such contributions—few, that is, who are likely to be nominated for those offices. Senate candidates are to be limited to \$5,000 and congressional candidates to \$2,500, not including expenses of traveling and printing. A limit is set to the total disbursements of national and congressional committees, corporations are forbidden to make direct or indirect contributions to political funds and an individual may not contribute more than \$5,000. All these proposals are not to be found fault with. But does anyone believe that the law will prevent the raising of money by evasion of most of the provisions? Who that reads the sworn statements of candidates as to their expenditures believes that they are otherwise than technically correct? The collection and disbursement of funds by persons other than candidates or officials of committees will go on without supervision or report. The proposed changes in the law are in accord with best public opinion, but—there are more ways of killing a cat than by choking him with butter.

♦♦

THOSE Danish islands in the West Indies are pretty high-priced at \$25,000,000. What's become of that proposal to pay Colombia \$25,000,000 for what Col. Roosevelt did to her in fostering a revolution and taking the canal zone? Looks as if in these billion dollar days \$25,000,000 is little more than a jitney.

♦♦

### The Hold-up of Home Rule

THAT'S a strange situation in the British Government. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson—representative of Green and Orange—accept the Lloyd-George proposals for a settlement of the Irish question at least until the end of the war. Then, suddenly, Premier Asquith smotheres the whole business and says simply that he will not go on with it. It was he who designated Lloyd-George to patch up the truce. When the Welsh adjuster made his report, Asquith accepted it, and then when the report was made into a bill the terms of the settlement were changed. It appears that the Cabinet would not agree to the terms of the Lloyd-George compromise. It insisted that the exclusion of the six Ulster counties from the operation of home rule be made permanent, and not only during the war. Moreover, the Cabinet wants the present Nationalist representation at Westminster to last only to the end of the present Parliament, and then to be reduced to forty members, though the present representation is to be summoned to Parliament when the home rule question comes up for final settlement. The Nationalists denounce the changes. They won home rule before the war; they accepted postponement until after the war, and now they don't want to be chouseled out of it, by leaving six counties forever out of the scheme, and by depriving Ireland of adequate representation in the Parliament of the empire of which she is a part. What happened in the Cabinet was that the Tories would not sanction compromise. They said it was a concession to the rebellion of April last. They saw a chance to oust the Government, to get rid chiefly of Lloyd-George and discredit him. I don't doubt that there are Tories in Great Britain who would rather see Great Britain lose the war than win it if the winning should bring any more glory to Lloyd-George and the democracy he represents. Premier Asquith wants to get on with the war and perhaps is not unwilling to sacrifice even Lloyd-George in order to prevent division. He speaks of going to the country on the Irish question. It would be dangerous to do so, for the Irish question would involve a dishing of the most



efficient man in the Empire. The issue would be Lloyd-George against the fozzlers. More rebellion in Ireland would not add to Great Britain's military strength just now. Nationalist loyalty, superbly demonstrated in many a fight, cannot be insulted and betrayed with impunity. Democracy cannot be flouted in the person of Lloyd-George. The Tories whose representatives have almost lost the war, are, as we say, getting too gay over a few recent successes in the war, but Germany is far, very far from beaten yet. There are seeds of an English revolution in the present aspect of the Irish question. The Tories may force it in their endeavor to break up the Liberal party and check the movement towards democratization. They dread what is coming to the ruling classes, to all forms of privilege, and especially land privilege, after the war, if the Liberals win the war. But the English people do not dread the prospect of their coming measurably into their own under the imminent, the inevitable socialization of national resources. They will not tolerate a check on that socialization by the springing of the religious issue over home rule after home rule has been passed. Lloyd-George's is the only way to get on with the war. That is by getting the Irish question out of politics, by harmonizing the people of the kingdom. He sees that Great Britain cannot fight for the little nations, Belgium and Serbia, and crush the little nation, Ireland. He sees that the Asquith policy only justifies the recent Irish rebellion. The English people voted for home rule for Ireland when they returned the Liberals to power. And many of them see in the present hold-up of home rule a recurrence of the Orange disloyalty that prepared for armed rebellion before the war, of the spirit that preferred a continental protestant prince to a Catholic Irish government. Premier Asquith was bluffed by Ulster in June, 1914. He is being bluffed again. His weakness is bad, but his bad faith toward Nationalist Ireland is worse, considering what the Nationalists have done for him. His government is breaking down. Dissension threatens military success. The English people may turn any day to some man with a policy other than "wait and see," a policy other than postponement of everything, and that man will be, most likely, David Lloyd-George. A revolution may come if the Irish Nationalists break the parliamentary bloc. Strangling home rule may bring on the Republic of Great Britain by way of a Committee of Public Safety with the little Welsh barrister at its head.

♦♦♦♦

## What I've Been Reading

FIFTH ARTICLE.

By W. M. R.

**B**UT for the book, "Sea and Bay," by Charles Wharton Stork (John Lane, New York), I doubt if I should have come through the period of the "Bermuda high." Reading this poem I could see the sea—the dark, silver-capped sea along the Maine coast, and hear its music. Mr. Stork is a poet more equable than passionate, but a poet none the less. He can tell a story in sound, flexible blank verse without tiring his reader, and when he breaks his narrative with a lyric he achieves the true lyric quality. The story of "Sea and Bay" is that of a boy born at the bay-side, become a sailor, passing through a sea apprenticeship, officer of a liner and finally an officer in the coast service. The boy life, at home, at school, and the first half-perceived love affair are told in a firm, steady strain with an effect of giving the essence of simple New England character. For the middle part of the poem, dealing with Parisian experiences and with a somewhat superheated and unfortunate passion not consistent with the New

England conscience, I did not care very much. The author is better when, having passed through that storm and stress, he returns to the bay whence he started out and settles down to a domesticity, the beautiful values of which he renders in his verse with a splendid effect. There are not in Mr. Stork's poem passages of surpassing power, but the poem as a whole pervades one with its pelagic atmosphere. The sea in many moods speaks to you. The poem is an allegory of life, but only incidentally to the story. The poet philosophizes now and then, but never prosaically and the end of his philosophizing and his singing is a sense of rest and peace and of a great beauty. In his depiction of the sea and his interpretation of it he is never overwrought though there are passages of splendor here and there. A more self-controlled poet of today I do not know. But perhaps the best thing I can say of the work is that, having read it, I could for some days look out of my office window on the hot city roofs and see the white-caps breaking in the Maine harbor and sense the peace of the hero in the midst of his little family, remembering lost loves in the better love he has found. No "new" poet is Mr. Stork. He is only a New England boy become a man, who has put into verse of distinguished excellence a life-story with sea-colors, sea-music, sea-thoughts for both under and overtones.

♦

Everybody who reads at all should read a little poetry every day. It is a way of keeping imagination from stagnation. It is a way of keeping vision from atrophying. Reading poetry evokes all the poetry you read long since and lost awhile. There is no better way of refreshing one's spirit, heartening one's faith and strengthening those hopes which old Pindar said are "the dreams of waking men." If Mr. Stork's volume sends a scent of the sea through one's memories, with that certitude of producing a happy hallucination which may be due to the sea-water elements in the blood of all living things, a book like George Sylvester Viereck's "Songs of Armageddon, and Other Poems" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York) carries you back to those days in which you knew your Swinburne by heart and used it effectively upon the ladies in the parlor, under the trees or by the moving waters. Mr. Viereck is no quietist, no Lollard, like Mr. Stork. He is a child of fire. He is incandescent and all the waters of the rough, rude sea, can cool him never. You know who he is: editor of *The Fatherland* and rhapsodic exponent of *Kultur*. At times his poetic feet trample you in Prussian boots. He lyricizes his Bernhardt, his Treitschke. He sings like a Berserker. But he does sing. He has vigor and he has versatility in the matter of form. And he is no wordwaster. In epigrammatic effect no one surpasses him these days in this country, as no one has surpassed him in the production of war poetry—on, as I feel, the wrong side of the war. He's a horrendous hater of all things anti-Teutonic and his verse has an efficient dynamic of scorn and denunciation that is a tonic even to the unsympathetic. That his "Hymn of Armageddon," written in anathemosis of Roosevelt for the Progressive convention of 1912, has been anti-climaxed by the result of the Progressive convention of 1916, matters nothing, nor does the fact that Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Viereck parted company when the Colonel denounced the hyphenates and began to preach threatenings and slaughter against "hyphenate" Teutonism—the hymn is a strong, swinging piece of verse that enshrines a fine, fervid political hope of American life. History of these times cannot be written without quoting it. I have reprinted his "William II, Prince of Peace," and "The Iron Chancellor" in these columns. Even to a pro-Ally they stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet; they have the swift succession of picture and of vivid phrase that characterizes the best ballads. He is Swinburnean in his denunciation of "England's strumpet, Italy," and "France, the harlot of the world." One can enjoy all this though one thinks that to call the

Kaiser "the Prince of Peace" is wantonly to crucify Christ again. His "Deutschland, Deutschland, Land of All Lands" is a strong rendition of the German poem by Hoffman von Fallersleben. He sings a hot "Song Against Nippon," dedicated to Hiram Johnson, in which, to me at least, his partiality for Christianity is so ferocious as to be under suspicion of being purely literary, for the occasion and not a deep, personal conviction. I don't think Nietzsche and Jesus Christ are, as we say, good running mates. Mr. Viereck's book contains apotheoses of J. Pierpont Morgan, Huerta and Adolphus Busch, and upon the last-named I go with him all the way. When Mr. Viereck is not in a rage, racial or amorous, he can be very happy. "Love in a Zeppelin" is a felicitous fancy, and his "Ballade of St. Vitus" is a neat bit of *vers de société*. "The Scapegoat" and "The Rebel" are, as you may say, ballads, characterized by the bitterness of love too wholly yielded to. They are a bit blasphemous in spots, but youth will blaspheme and—be sorry for it, later. There's a touch too much, making for the absurd grotesque, in God-damning Love's breasts and hair, for that they hold the singer from some mighty deeds of high emprise. A poem identifying Pierrot with Christ is well done, but it's a mode that was worked to a frazzle in the *fin de siècle*. It's echolalian—of Wilde and Symons and Dowson. "Dr. Faust's Descent from Heaven" is a much better poem; indeed, it is the best poem in the book for those who still think that Swinburne was a poet who had something to say but perhaps he should not have said it. Some of Mr. Viereck's sonnets are splendid examples of that form. You may be shocked by Mr. Viereck's poems, but you will read them and you will find yourself remembering many of his lines unconsciously, for their clean-cutness, their rhyme and rhythm. Hyphenate or not, George Sylvester Viereck is a poet—and a poet with a punch, though I wish the punch were not so often in teleological evidence.

♦

But enough of poetry *pro tem*. There is more poetry and good poetry being written to-day than in the past twenty years and I shall discuss some of it later. I am concerned now to comment upon the fact that there is a world-wide outbreak of what I may call spook literature. Arthur Machen wrote a story, "The Angel of Mons"—I'm not sure of the title—describing how a heavenly, skyeey host turned the fortunes of the day for the English in the battle of Mons. It was a piece of pure imagination, but a number of people have written articles to prove that the thing actually occurred. They do this in reply to Mr. Machen's asseveration that his piece was only a bit of fancy. Mr. Bernard Capes, an English writer, has been for two years, printing stories of ghostly occurrences, of appearances of the dead to their friends and foes, of the ghost of a soldier's dog returned from Flanders to the soldier's brother in London. The latter was republished in the *MIRROR* last week. Among the "best sellers" in the book-stores of this country for something like four months has been the book in which Mr. Casper S. Yost, of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has set forth the poetic writings communicated, over a ouija board, by a personality calling itself Patience Worth, to Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis. To me the poetry of Patience Worth is unimportant compared with her fiction, some of which is to be issued shortly by Henry Holt & Co., New York, who published Mr. Yost's book. This is the best spook stuff ever given to print. It is literature beyond the capabilities of Mrs. Curran, and, so far at least, not demonstrably derivative from any writings with which the medium of communication is familiar. But there is other spook literature of St. Louis origin, perhaps equally remarkable. I shall tell about it.

♦

Mrs. Emily G. Hutchings, who occasionally writes for me and for the *Globe-Democrat*, who was associated with Mrs. Curran at the beginning of the Pa-



Patience Worth communications, visiting my house one afternoon left me a batch of manuscript to read. Everybody who visits my home does that. I read it. There were ten thousand words of it—a story, uncompleted. I sat down and wrote her that if the story finished as it began it would be a "go" like the works of Gene Stratton Porter and other highly popular novelists. I congratulated Mrs. Hutchings upon her workwomanship. The story was of newspaper and political life in Missouri—a story smacking of the soil, of campaign oratory and even campaign whiskey and printers' ink. Something like a week later Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Lola Hayes called at my home and the talk turning to the ouija board, these two ladies sat in to the table, Mrs. Hayes acting as positive (I use the technique of the spook craft), and Mrs. Hutchings as negative and reader. I was amanuensis. The pointer began to move and Mrs. Hutchings got fearfully rattled. She could hardly keep her chair and her nervousness was distressing. The pointer flashed, Mrs. Hutchings spelled out the letters and I wrote them down. The sentences were a continuation of the uncompleted manuscript story Mrs. Hutchings had given me to read. It was the description of an election scene. Mrs. Hutchings had not wanted me to know that the story she had sent me was a ouija board contribution. She wanted my opinion of the story, without my knowing its origin. Then she said that the story was sent over by *Mark Twain*. . . . Well, the story was finally completed. I read it through—fifty thousand words of it. The title of it is "Jap Herron" and it is very Mark Twainian, very Missourian. The boy hero is not unlike another *Tom Sawyer* or *Huck Finn*. Indeed, there are two boys in it, and a girl, and a wicked father and uncle. There are scenes and incidents of Twainish humor. The country-newspaper life is to the life. There's a rural drunk after an election that is yokelism at its coarsest. And there are two or three bits of pathos not to be resisted. But I shall not tell the story. It is to be published shortly by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. I have read much of the record of the receipt of the story, the talks with Mark Twain about the story. They seem to be Twain and none other, even to the drawl. Two short stories have the Twain flavor even more pronounced. The asides of the communicating force are original and old-fashionedly comical. About the only thing in "Jap Herron" that isn't Twainish, is its sentimentality. In any event, "Jap Herron" is a well-written story and it is not like anything Mrs. Hutchings has ever done. It is more like Mark Twain might do it, than like the work of anyone else. I may say that Mrs. Lola Hayes, who officiated at the ouija board during the recording of the story, with Mrs. Hutchings, is a writer on her own account and was familiar with country journalism in her father's newspaper office in Centralia, Missouri. I am no spiritist. I tell about this, as I told about Patience Worth, only what I know. The one thing I want to say here and now is that "Jap Herron" is a story of quality far above the ordinary story of the day, aside from the necromantic nature of its apparent authorship. It is not so remarkable as the Patience Worth works, solely because the latter come through the medium of a person who has not a strong, well-defined literary background.

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St. Louis, however, has no monopoly of the spook literature output. That is in progress everywhere. I've been swamped with spirit-communicated literature from all over the country since I gave publicity to my experiences with Patience Worth. Most of it is poor stuff; not literature at all. A deal of it is sheer twaddle. None of it approximates in characterization, imagination, or artistic expression the Patience Worth and so-called Mark Twain writings. But one specimen of such writing I cannot ignore. It is a drama, "Hamlet in Heaven." Mr. Lincoln Phifer, of Girard, Kansas, where *The Menace* and *The Appeal to Reason* come from, publishes the play. He says that the whole five acts were

communicated by William Shakespeare, by way of automatic writing through the hand of Lincoln J. Phifer. Mr. Phifer says he has been getting plays and other literature from what purports to be Shakespeare and other celebrities, but kept silence until this play came as Shakespeare's contribution to the celebration of his own tercentenary. Mr. Phifer thinks Shakespeare himself in the flesh received automatic writing, and quotes in hypothetical proof the 85th sonnet, thus:

Was it the proud, full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb in which they  
grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above the mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable, familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast.

Now, I have read other contributions by Shakespeare by way of automatic writing, planchette and so forth, and found them all punk. This play, "Hamlet in Heaven," is better than any of them, and that is not saying much. Two sonnets given by Shakespeare through Mr. Phifer, in April last, are passable performances, but not up to those in which authentically Shakespeare unpacked his heart. The whole five acts of "Hamlet in Heaven" would not make much more than one act of "Hamlet"—I mean in length. Nearly all the persons of the "Hamlet" we know appear and there is much talk, but none of it is Shakespearean, though some of it carries what I may call a labored Shakespearean echo—"Thou didst confect a poison to cressate my blood" is an example. Mr. Phifer, I know of as a poet and paragrapher for years. There's nothing in "Hamlet in Heaven" he could not have written without any Shakespeare to direct his hand. Still, the work is a curiosity worth the fifty cents Mr. Phifer asks for it. As a sample: *Hamlet in Heaven* looks upon his own body and says:

Here is the face  
I've washed ten thousand times, but I no more  
Shall play the varlet to it. Here's the cheek  
The razor dragged across, which now requires  
No hone or strop or lather, with its hairy harvest  
This cheek was irrigated for new crop  
With tears of sorrow at the pull I had. . . .

There is plenty more as good,—or bad—as this. There are splashes of bastard Elizabethanese that almost deceive one into belief in their legitimacy and then there are awful descents to the banal and the absurd. The performance is interesting but not nearly so interesting as the assertion of Fred D. Warren that it is the finest thing he ever read, or that of Dr. A. E. Adams, "a Shakespearean student and reader who is able to render several complete plays of the great Elizabethan dramatist from memory," who says "Hamlet in Heaven" is fully equal to anything that Shakespeare ever wrote."

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While we are on the subject of spooks and literature I would inform my readers that "Davenport," by Charles Marriott, which I reviewed when it was published by Hutchinson, of London, has now been published in this country by John Lane, New York. This story of a subconscious personality manifesting itself in powerful political writings, is like the legend of the Patience Worth personality which writes through Mrs. Curran. The psychiatry of the novelist's explanation of the origin of the personality is orthodox. The young man is "cured" by much the same methods which Prof. Morton Prince wished to apply to an examination of Mrs. Curran's Patience Worth. The woman in the case is a charming "psychic" who is explained on psycho-physiological grounds, having to do with the loss of a beloved baby for whom the spook writer serves as a substitute, until another baby comes and the power departs. All this is developed

by a master novelist, for that is what Charles Marriott is. I don't say that novelist Marriott's explanation in "Davenport" is the explanation of Mrs. Curran's Patience Worth. It is an elucidation of an imaginary case, not unlike Mrs. Curran's, yet not a parallel, along the lines of explanation of such gifts or powers made by psychologists, alienists and neurologists. The many thousand people throughout the country who have been intrigued by the mystery of Patience Worth will find a very similar phenomenon developed, traced, explained and abolished in a piece of fiction foundationed upon authentic scientific data. "Davenport" is a novel which should be read with a real thrill by every admirer and lover of the charming spook whose writings over the ouija board have put St. Louis on the literary map even as "When Knighthood was in Flower" discovered to the world the literary natural resources of Indiana. But more than this, "Davenport" is exquisitely written.

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But have you read "Those About Trench," by Edwin Herbert Lewis? The Macmillans publish it. In my latest "Who's Who," I find that Mr. Edwin Herbert Lewis is a well-known writer on educational subjects. He is a Chicago man, but I don't care if he is: he has written a novel that there's no getting away from once you get into it. He has done this in spite of himself even, for he has at the very start put all kinds of barbed-wire entanglements across the path of his tale. In the very beginning he goes in for the ornate-cryptic and then he leads you through such a tangle of polyglottic dialects as disheartens all but the most daring. But if you persevere, a great delight is your reward. You get caught on the stream of a fine story, told with an art whose qualities make you forget its defects. You meet personalities with a living tang to them,—exotics most of them, but splendidly real. You cannot but love the cynical but fundamentally loving *Dr. Trench* who has a pediatric hospital in Halsted street in Chicago, and his assistant pupils, a Chinaman, a Hindu, a Russian Jew and *Saadi* of Bokhara. There are three gloriously fine girls—an American, an Italian, a Jewess. You have a look-in upon the Chicago sweat-shop, after you have participated in *Dr. Trench's* tragical professional adventures in Canada. *Dr. Trench* is the scientist *pur sang*, denying the spiritual *in toto*, but holding a sad, hopeless ideal of kindness, he knows not why. From the beginning you divine that the high-class American girl is going to cure him of that. Don't fear—I shall not tell the story—a romance that reaches from Chicago, to Serajevo and culminates on the day that the Archduke is slain and the present world-war is brought on. The story of *Hakim Jaffer*, who starts out from Peshawar, India, to find *Saadi Sercef* in Tashkent, on a wire from Chicago, is—well, it is as good a story as that of *Kim's* travels in the great game in India. Why *Saadi Sercef* has to be found is a complex affair the unraveling of which makes the thrill of the tale, but one reason is that *Saadi* has married and supposedly deserted a little Socialist Jewess in Chicago, and has borrowed, supposedly on false pretenses, \$1,000 from *Dr. Trench*. Before *Saadi Sercef* left Chicago you have learned to love him for his wonderful Babu English, blending scientific terms and Halsted street slang in a manner that would have tickled the very soul of O. Henry. He's a strange blend of East and West; materialist, but unable to get away from the ghost idea. He's tender and yet he professes heartlessness. He philosophizes profoundly to conclusions that sound like vaudeville patter and among other things he tries to commit suicide. *Saadi* simply catches your heart and never releases his grip—until his dead hand falls limp and releases your heart to heart-break. Well, he disappears and *Hakim Jaffer* starts on a search for him—finds him only to lose him sublimely in his attempt to prevent the assassination of the Archduke. That's the story in chief, but *Dr. Trench* is the Providence over it all, and



Edith finds and shows to Dr. Trench his own soul and heart. In many a year's reading I recall no more enthralling tale, no group of more captivating characters than those who revolve about Dr. Trench. In some ways this book takes a kind of rank in your mind with the great stories of the Guardsmen, Jean Valjean, and the like. Saadi Serceef is an ideal personality in his fantastic beauty of soul. Jaffer is as clever as Sir Richard Francis Burton. Then there are Becker and Wu and Chatterjee and Deland, the pious Puritan—all pupils of Trench—a band of brothers. As the story moves on you catch the sense of vast things impending and depending on the doings of Saadi. The Fates are weaving in the darkness; you hear the shuttles ply. Race and world-antipathies loom up here and there. Great forces are moving, typified broadly in the development of the tale. And at the end Saadi comes to a failure,—one of those failures that are infinitely above and beyond what are called successes. I can't recall when I have come more regretfully to the end of a book than I did to that of "Those About Trench"—a book full of action, character, color, ideas and the impression of its being the truth about the cataclysm that now rocks the world. Mr. Edwin Herbert Lewis leaps at once into the front rank of novelists with this work of the creative imagination.

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## Made in Germany

By Isabelle Howe Fiske

THEY say that Germany is bad.  
I cannot understand  
How ever that can be so—  
It's such a lovely land.  
I've seen it in my picture-books  
And all the roofs are red  
And full of little windows,  
And such a funny bed,  
High up, they have to sleep in,  
And such a pretty stove.  
It's just the sort of country  
That little children love.  
And all my toys and soldiers  
Were made in Germany.  
Can people that love children  
So very dreadful be?  
I'll have to put them all away,  
My soldiers and my toys—  
War-time is very dreadful  
For little English boys.  
My father's gone to fight them,  
The Kaiser and his men,  
My uncle went last month, and he  
Will never come again.  
My mother cries so easy now  
And so my toys are hid,  
But sometimes I steal to them  
And whisper through the lid.  
The Germans really aren't to blame  
So far as I can see.  
Why did God let the Kaiser  
Be made in Germany?

From The Poetry Journal for July.

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## A Cure for Hay Fever

To the Editor: I notice you fellows make bold claims for your site tax. Well, tell me how it will affect hay fever.—A. C. D.

THIS letter contains a note of sarcasm which we don't like, so we'll accept the challenge of A. C. D.

We therefore affirm that hay fever sufferers should indorse and support site tax as a fundamental remedy for their ailment.

Site tax is a tax on weeds, because it falls most heavily on the owners of unimproved land, where weeds thrive. The pollen from these same weeds is the cause of hay fever and a score of catarrhal

afflictions, which compel thousands of people to lose from two to three weeks of work each year.

Incidentally these same weeds, which thrive in this country because only about one-third of the land is used productively, are a menace to agriculture, causing a loss of millions of dollars annually to farmers.

The way to get rid of weeds and hay fever is to tax unused land into use.

Next!

From the Ground-Hog (Cleveland, Ohio).

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## A Photo-Play

By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

That Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is a poet everyone knows. He is an artist, too. He has written a valuable book, "The Art of The Moving Picture." He hopes great things, ethic and aesthetic, of the movies: He sees big things in them. Here is a critique of his, on a movie that he saw in Springfield, Ills., published in the "Illinois State Register." No such rapturous review of a photo-play has ever appeared. Not often has such enthusiasm been put in print over the greatest of the spoken plays. Never surely by so authentic a poet and artist as the ecstasist of Springfield, Ills. The article is reproduced here as a part of the history of the marvelous movie.

THERE is a moving picture masterpiece on display at the Gaiety: "The Wild Girl of the Sierras." Paul Powell, the director, deserves the congratulations of us all. The picture is an American fairytale. Delicate fancy never fails an instant. There are no flat, cheap moments. The photography is inspired. In scene after scene the light is the big actor, the light is Romance, that never shone on sea or land. The scenario is by F. M. Pierson and Anita Loos. All honor to them.

Robert Herron as the hero; Mae Marsh as the wild girl; Wilfred Lucas as the gambler; Olga Gray as the adventuress, and James O. Shea as dash-eyed Henry deserve special congratulations. The story seems such a one as Bret Harte might have told, except for the nymph of the Sierras—the wild girl, a fancy beyond Bret Harte. The film grows richer each time it is seen. This review is written at midnight after watching it through three times.

This wild girl is impossible to have been—just as Daphne and Echo and Ariel and Mab were impossible. If once the fairy-tale privilege is granted, she is all these. Yet she is completely at home in the Sierras, such is the delicate realism of the producer. The sculpture is wonderful, in her rapt-time when she sleeps beside the bear in the tree-boughs. Her feather-dress seems to have all the colors of the rainbow and is in rich contrast to her fairy whiteness. Not only is her face perpetually transfigured, but the landscape behind the mystic burying-place of her doll fascinates like a sea from dreamland—a flood of strange light.

But much of this might be said of a play with weak spots. They are all rich pictures—every scene. There is fine line-drawing and modeling in the face of the adventuress. The interiors where she talks with the gambler remind one of the quaint old daguerrotypes. The whole play is saturated with character study. The characters grow in richness each new time round and no raw or thin places appear.

Raw, unrestrained imagination can be found in many Fine Arts photo-plays of the better sort. Even they lean heavily on what is called the punch. But this picture has no more "punch" than a poem by Keats or Shelley or Edgar Poe. The most wonderful scenes, that mean little the first time round, are those of the wild girl asleep like a shepherd-dog in the door, stepped over by the self-important humans. The most wonderful single scene is the girl eating honey from the tree. It scarcely means any-

thing the first time round. The third time we see it, it is Daphne herself.

The picture is just as rich after all surface-curiosity is satisfied.

One great moment is the incident of the girl's capture by the boy, when she is shot in the arm. There are so many delicate lights flashing that it is like a tragedy in fairyland. Perhaps the best symbol of the play is the bandanna with which the boy ties up her white wounded arm. In every picture it shines there, so rich a band, it seems like the bracelet of a queen, and no doubt that is what it meant to the simple heart of the Wild Girl of the Sierras.

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## Rural Credits and Other Things

By E. E. Miller

A LEADING farm paper has this to say anent the new rural credits law:

"The land speculator buys, booms and sells at an advanced price. Who can say that this is more reprehensible than for the farmer to take over an adjoining farm, clear it up, show what it will grow, and sell it again when prices have advanced? The pernicious methods of booming must be checked, but he who buys and sells on a rising market deserves the profit he gets by his foresight."

There you have the average point of view—the idea of the man who has never learned to discriminate between productive work and profitable inertia.

It would seem that any man must see the vital distinction between the profit this supposititious farmer gets from his work of clearing up and improving the farm and the profit he gets from an advance in the price of land generally. That he is entitled to the first is the first law of labor; that the other belongs to him because of his foresight in getting where he can grab it is one of those persistent delusions which custom has ground into the minds of men. That what a man earns should be his and that he has no right to what other people make would seem to be self-evident truths, but their acceptance is as yet far from general.

Foresight deserves its reward, no doubt, but no great foresight is required in getting a piece of land and holding it until it can be sold for more. Unless the land is bought at a boom price the proposition is a dead sure thing, in nine cases out of ten. It is not foresight that is needed so much as idle capital.

Some day the farmers of this country will be the Single Taxers of the country. No one stands to profit more by the single tax than does the real farmer—the man who has land to use and who uses what he has. Yes, there is one more class that would profit more—the men who have no land, but who make a living by using the land of others. It is these men, rather than the land speculator, that need consideration in the framing of rural credits legislation, as well as in considering the ethics of land speculation.

It is not a question as to whether or not it is reprehensible to speculate in land, but a question as to whether or not it is well for the nation that land speculation should be profitable and that men who till the soil should have no recognized rights in the land they tend.

When the farmers come to realize that the "land" of which the Single Taxers talk and upon which they would place the burden of taxation, and the "land" which they—the farmers—list for taxation are very different things, and when the farmer begins to find his profits in the production of things instead of in the general increase in land values through the increase in population, there will be a chance for a rational system of taxation in this country. A chance, too, for the homeless man with little money to get a home of his own without spending half his life at the task.

As for the rural credits law, it was devised for

the purpose of enabling land-owning farmers to put their idle or unproductive lands to work and of helping the man with small capital to secure some land of his own. If it results in a general inflation of land values and an increase in land speculation, it will injure the men it was enacted to help and hinder agricultural development while it unsettles the foundations of commerce and finance.

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## Alcohol and Crime

By Robert Blackwood

**T**HAT the use of alcoholic beverages is the chief cause of crime is an assertion constantly made by the advocates of prohibitory laws. The percentage of crimes alleged to be due to this cause is variously stated as from seventy to ninety per cent, but all prohibitionists agree that liquor-drinking is the principal source of crime. So persistent have been their statements to this effect that their iteration and reiteration have created a widespread and deep-rooted belief in their truth. The general public, seeing these assertions made without contradiction, has accepted them as a matter of course, so that the average citizen, if asked whether he thought that drink is largely responsible for our criminals, would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. If pressed for the basis for his opinion, the usual answer would be: "Why, everybody knows that the use of liquor is the cause of crime."

The origin of this popular belief concerning the relation of drinking to crime is to be found in the natural desire of the criminal to avoid responsibility for his wrongful acts. The man of weak will or crooked tendencies, who violates the laws that society has made for its protection, hopes to create sympathy by saying, "I was not to blame; drink weakened my will and led me to commit this crime." When it was found that credulous juries and judges were inclined to look upon a criminal's drinking habits as a reason for leniency, the plea became highly popular, so that in course of time it became the customary thing for a prisoner to say: "I was drunk," or "Drink made me a criminal." Al Jennings, the Oklahoma train robber, relates in his autobiography that his fellow prisoners always told the warden or visitors that liquor was the cause of their going wrong, but that in private conversation with him they would admit that this was only a "gag" to enlist sympathy, and help to get them out of jail sooner.

A second reason why the use of liquor is popularly associated with crime is the indisputable fact that many men who commit crimes drink liquors. The simple statement of fact that eighty per cent of all the adult males use some kind of alcoholic beverages, shows that according to the law of averages a large percentage of criminals must be drinkers. But there is absolutely nothing to establish a connection between their drinking habits and their criminal traits. The mere fact that a criminal drinks, does not prove that drinking made him a criminal. The notion that it does, arises from the careless habit of thinking that because a certain fact is coexistent with a certain condition, the fact is the cause of the condition. The same loose reasoning applied to other facts yields some startling conclusions. For instance—the most of criminals are white—therefore a white skin causes crime. Absurd, of course, and yet if the mere fact that criminals drink is to be deemed proof that drinking made them criminals, by a parity of reasoning, their pigmentation is equally responsible for the criminal tendencies of white men.

The report of the New York State Commission of Prisons for the year 1914 (page 557), shows that of the total number of persons admitted to the various prisons during that year, 99 per cent had received religious instruction in their youth. What would be thought of an unbeliever in religion who should claim that religious training is the cause of

crime? Yet there are the facts. Ninety-nine per cent of New York State's criminals received religious instruction. According to prohibition logic, this instruction made them criminals.

To take another illustration: the same report shows that of all admissions to prisons in New York State in the year 1914, more than ninety per cent could read and write. Will anyone pretend that the capacity to read and write made them criminals? To even suggest such an explanation makes it ridiculous. Yet it is exactly on a par with the prohibitionist claim that because some criminals drink, liquor makes criminals.

Convincing proof that liquor-drinking does not cause crime is found in the statistics relating to the number of persons who drink, and the number of criminals. As stated above, at least eighty per cent of the adult male population of New York State uses liquor. There are nearly 3,000,000 adults in that state, of whom 2,400,000 drink. The report of the State Commission of Prisons (page 554) for 1914, gives the number of males sentenced to imprisonment after conviction during that year as 19,293, or less than one per cent. Two million four hundred thousand men drink. Of these less than one per cent commit crimes. If liquor makes criminals of the one per cent, why does it not have the same effect on the ninety-nine per cent? Or to put it another way: if the use of liquor causes one per cent of the drinkers to become criminals, does it keep the ninety-nine per cent virtuous? How can drink be held to be the cause of crime, if it affects less than one per cent of the men who use it?

The prohibitionist reply to the figures above quoted is that liquor only makes criminals of people with weak wills, and that this is the reason why such a small percentage of the liquor users are criminals. If this is true, does it not show that it is the lack of moral character, or of self-control, that leads both to excessive drinking, and to crime? That ninety-nine per cent of liquor drinkers are not criminals proves that it is the weak will of the one per cent that is responsible for their criminal acts. If drinking liquor was of itself the cause of crime, all drinkers should be criminals. When the prohibitionists say that liquor-drinking makes criminals only of the weak-willed, they admit that it is weakness of will that is the source of crime.

Even though it could be clearly shown that liquor-drinking is a factor in lessening self-control, this would not explain why a few people are injuriously affected, while ninety-nine per cent are not. It is a fair conclusion that if only one per cent of liquor users are criminals, the origin of their criminal tendencies must be either some inherited physical or mental weakness, or the result of wrong training, or unfavorable environment.

Through all the ages the question as to why men commit crimes has been studied and discussed, without reaching any positive conclusion. The theological explanation was that crime is the work of the devil; that man, originally virtuous, was tempted and fell; and that sin and crime are the result of the fall of Adam. Without entering into the realm of theology, it is sufficient to point out that this explanation fails to show why, if in Adam all men sinned, all men are not criminals. It is true that all men are sinners, in that they do not always live up to the moral law, but the fact that the great majority of mankind do not commit crimes, proves that natural depravity is not the cause of crime.

In recent years, the consensus of opinion among criminologists is that the chief causes of crime are: defective mentality, inherited weakness of will; malnutrition (insufficient or improper feeding in childhood); lack of proper moral training in youth; unwise selection by parents of unsuitable trades or vocations; and very largely, to poverty. To what extent these various causes influence character, particularly in the formative period, is difficult to determine, but it is the opinion of many students of the problem that poverty, and the evils arising out of it, such as overwork, too long hours, child labor,

crowded tenements and other unsanitary housing conditions, are largely responsible.

In the poem, "The Northern Farmer," Tennyson says:

"Tisnt them as has money as  
Breaks into houses and steals,  
Tisnt them as has coats to their backs  
And takes their regular meals."

This homely philosophy is another way of stating the conclusion of Solomon: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." The fact that the great majority of all the criminals come from the poorer classes, and in most cases from the very poor, indicates that this cause is the chief factor in creating criminals.

The claim that liquor drinking is the cause of seventy or ninety per cent of crime is clearly disproved by a brief examination of the more serious offenses against the laws. There are no complete statistics on this subject for the whole country, but those of New York State, with 10,000,000 population, may be regarded as fairly representative. The report of the State Commissioner of Prisons for 1914, pages 494-496, gives the following record of admissions to all the state prisons for that year:

Total number of prisoners admitted, 3,368.  
Males, 3,327; females, 41.

Convicted of abandonment.....	24
" " abduction .....	32
" " arson .....	47
" " bigamy .....	25
" " burglary (various degrees).....	780
" " carrying concealed and dangerous weapons .....	127
" " extortion .....	23
" " forgery .....	106
" " grand larceny (various degrees) .....	658
" " receiving stolen property.....	100
" " robbery (various degrees).....	318

These offenses constitute nearly seventy per cent of the total number. It will not be seriously pretended that any considerable proportion of them are due to the use of liquor or committed while under the influence of liquor. Men do not engage in burglary while drunk. It is impossible to conceive of men planning to commit forgery or grand larceny while intoxicated. Drink has no relation to the carrying of concealed weapons, nor is it responsible for receivers of stolen property. If robbers get drunk before starting out in search of a victim the fact is unknown to the police. Pickpockets do not work under the inspiration of liquor. It is highly doubtful that men are guilty of bigamy because of Dutch courage given by drink. So that of this large percentage of all serious crimes punished with state prison sentences, there is nothing to show that drink was in any way their cause, but on the contrary, the nature of the offenses show that it had no connection with them.

Another important fact bearing on this question is found in the report of the Secretary of State for New York on "Statistics of Crime" for 1914, which gives detailed records of 9,088 convictions for criminal offenses in that year. Of this number the records show that 8,351 convicts were of temperate habits; 707 intemperate, and 30 "unknown." The percentage of intemperate was only 7.77; instead of the alleged 70-90 per cent.

As a remedy for the crimes alleged to be due to the use of liquor, the prohibitionists advocate the enactment of laws forbidding the sale, or manufacture for sale, of all kinds of alcoholic beverages. "Pass prohibitory laws," they say, "and crime, wickedness and evil will be greatly diminished, if not altogether abolished." In support of this claim, they give what purport to be statistics showing that prohibition has decreased crime in the states that have tried it.

Unfortunately for the prohibitionists, the reports from the various states—wet and dry—do not support their claims. Thus the United States Census Bureau reports that Maine, which has had prohibition for sixty years, has an average of 98.3 sentenced prisoners per 100,000 population. Wisconsin, a wet state, has only 71.8. Kansas, prohibition for forty



years, has 91.1 prisoners per 100,000. Nebraska, a neighboring wet state, with almost the same soil, climate, and character of population, has only 55.1. North Dakota, dry for twenty-five years, has 63.6 prisoners per 100,000. The sister state of North Dakota, wet, has only 47.8. Georgia, prohibition for eight years, has 191.4 prisoners per 100,000. New York State, said to be the wettest in the Union, has only 137.3. These figures show conclusively that prohibition does not diminish crime, and discredit the assertions to the contrary by the prohibition propaganda.

A comparison of the rates of crime in various wet and dry states at different periods, shows that in some states crime has materially increased under prohibition. The following figures are taken from the latest U. S. Census reports:

		Per 100,000 Population
Sentenced prisoners in Maine	in 1904.....	70.0
" " " Maine	in 1910.....	98.3
" " " Georgia	in 1904.....	91.5
" " " Georgia	in 1910.....	191.4
" " " N. Dakota	in 1904.....	54.6
" " " N. Dakota	in 1910.....	63.6

The number of prisoners increased in Maine 40 per cent; in Georgia more than 100 per cent; in North Dakota nearly 20 per cent. If prohibition decreases crime, why was there an increase of crime in these prohibition states?

During the same period, 1904-1910, there was a material decrease in crime in various license states. The census reports show:

		Per 100,000 Population
Sentenced prisoners in California	in 1904.....	210
" " " California	in 1910.....	174.8
" " " S. Dakota	in 1904.....	57.9
" " " S. Dakota	in 1910.....	47.8
" " " New Jersey	in 1904.....	131.9
" " " New Jersey	in 1910.....	117.7

The number of prisoners in California decreased almost 18 per cent; in South Dakota 17 per cent; and in New Jersey 12 per cent.

No sensible person claims that liquor-drinking diminished crime in these wet states, yet it would be just as reasonable as the assertion that prohibition decreases crime in the dry states. Two facts are clearly established by these statistics: that the use of liquor is not a material factor in the causation of crime, and that prohibition would not in any degree lessen the number of criminal acts.

From The Forum for August.

♦♦♦♦

## The Old "Sun"

By Harry M. Tod

WHEN you came to 160 Nassau street—people called it Park Row, but it wasn't—you climbed two long, steep, narrow flights of iron stairs to the editorial room. Mind you, there were no rooms in the old days, but just one, large, barn-like structure in a squat, dingy red-brick building overlooking City Hall Park and which tradition said was the assembling-place of Tammany Hall when Aaron Burr and DeWitt Clinton ruled over the Democratic hosts of New York.

It was not particularly inviting to those who came to it for the first time from the outer world. The walls that enclosed it had been whitewashed at some remote period and were bare save for a huge calendar, setting forth the merits of some insurance corporation, and a large engraving of Abraham Lincoln, which we were all told, and were eager to believe, was a gift from the great president himself to Charles A. Dana. In one corner was a big, flat-topped desk of ancient vintage, where the managing editor sat enthroned, while up and down the long, uneven floor stood rows of cheap pine tables for the reporters.

That was the old *Sun*, before Munsey bought it and before it moved, a year ago, to its more pretentious quarters, a block further down the street, and before the venerable building had given way

to a modern white structure, mostly of stucco and glass, and now occupied by an all-night saloon, a dealer in cheap jewelry and a cut-price drug store. It was the *Sun* of Dana, of William M. Laffan, of John Swinton, of "Boss" Lord, of "Boss" Clarke, of Richard Harding Davis, of Amos Cummings, of David Graham Phillips, of William J. Gaynor, of E. P. Mitchell, of Arthur Brisbane, of Mayo W. Hazeltine, of Will Irwin (I make no effort to name them in chronological order) and a host of others who helped to make the *Sun* famous. Now Mr. Mitchell alone remains. Laffan and Swinton and Cummings and Davis and Phillips and Hazeltine and Gaynor are dead. "Boss" Lord and "Boss" Clarke have retired.

Of all the men of the old *Sun* I like to think most of "Boss" Lord. (Everybody was called boss in those days, except the office boy, who was the real boss.) Chester S. Lord, who was managing editor for twenty-seven years, and who to us was always "the boss," came to the *Sun* forty-odd years ago, fresh from Hamilton College. Reporter, telegraph editor, city editor, night editor, managing editor, he dominated the shop till three years ago, when he went home to a well-earned rest and to play golf and to fish. He never said so, but I always fancied that he liked best the *Sun* of forty years ago.

"The stories are too long," he would say. "People used to read the paper through when we had as many as 162 separate news items on the front page alone."

If he had a fixed dislike for any one thing, I think it was for unnecessary noises, especially in the editorial department. Boisterous talk he frowned upon but never by word rebuked the offender. He would simply rise from his chair and gaze steadily over his spectacles in the direction of the sound. A hush would follow and he would go back to his work, apparently unruffled and the same, quiet, courteous gentleman.

Mr. Laffan was different. A peppery little Irishman with a limp—book-lover, art connoisseur, musical critic, collector of rare china—he loved a shindy and was never so happy as when in a fight with some rival editor. His pet aversions were women reporters and Theodore Roosevelt. We never knew positively why he so thoroughly disliked the Rough Rider, but Mr. Laffan's friends said it grew out of a speech the Colonel once made at a reception given on the East Side to Jacob Riis, social worker and former *Sun* reporter.

"Jacob Riis is the only flower that ever blossomed on the dung hill of the New York *Sun*," was the way Roosevelt put it.

From that day forward the editorial page of the paper bristled with impish mockery and biting satire at the expense of the offender. And yet Mr. Laffan could be fair even to an enemy. Just before he died, six years ago, he assailed Roosevelt bitterly for some public utterance, but in closing, said:

"We are surprised that so few persons have not a better understanding of this remarkable man. The *Sun* can never be accused of a fondness for Theodore Roosevelt, but when all is said and done the fact remains that the logarithm of his career resides in the definition of the word, genius."

To "Boss" Clarke he once said: "If we have occasion to print anything again about Mr. So-and-So" (one of the best-known men of New York) "please refer to him as the eminent lawyer whose friends deny that he is a shyster."

Of the Pulitzer School of Journalism he remarked: "A promising institution endowed by Joseph Pulitzer with a million dollars cash and by St. Clair McKelway with a million words of advice."

Then there was "Boss" Clarke, for twenty-five years night city editor, who always blushed when spoken to, even by a cub reporter, and who probably refused more offers of positions on other newspapers at fabulous salaries than any other man of his time. His only recreations, so far as we ever knew, were working out difficult mathematical prob-

lems and translating obscure passages from the Greek and Latin classics.

"Novels?" he once said. "Yes, I've read a lot of them. I think I like Scott best, especially the foot-notes."

Like "Boss" Lord, he loved a well-written story and had a contempt for what is known as "news-paper don'ts."

"The only rule on the *Sun*," he would insist, "is clearness, good grammar and good taste. Don't try to write like somebody else; be yourself."

Concerning the coming of Mr. Mitchell to the *Sun* (more than forty years ago) there is a story which may or may not be true, but which I have always liked to believe. As the tale goes, Mr. Mitchell, then but a short time out of Bowdoin College, had written something for a country newspaper in Maine that attracted the attention of Mr. Dana, who set about to find the identity of the author. When he did so, he wrote Mr. Mitchell something like this: "If you can write that kind of stuff regularly, a salary of \$35 awaits on the New York *Sun*."

The answer read: "Do you mean \$35 a week or \$35 a month?"

"If you will come at once your salary will be \$40 a week," was the response.

Mr. Mitchell is the only one left of the old crew which was intimately associated with Dana. Sam Rewey, who died in harness the other day, was another. Rewey's favorite story of the great editor was the hiring of Williams, who served Mr. Dana as private secretary for twenty-seven years. Dana had advertised and Williams applied for the job.

"Can you write shorthand?" Dana asked in his snappy way.

"Yes, Mr. Dana."

"Well, can you write as fast as I can talk?"

"That I don't know; but I do know that I can write as fast as anybody ought to talk." Williams got the place and held it.

Sam Rewey, as I recall it now, was a classmate of "Boss" Lord at Hamilton College. Why they called him "Sam" no one ever knew. Dana dubbed him "Sam," but his real name was Edward M. Rewey. When he left school he went to Worcester, Mass., where, in 1871, he reported a baseball game between the old Athletics and the Red Sox. Two years later he came to the *Sun*, and in all his succeeding years he never saw the diamond. Again and again we tried to lure him to the Polo Grounds, but he never went.

No story of the old *Sun* would be complete without a word about Amos B. ("Deacon") Stillman. The "Deacon" now "81 and passed," as we used to say in Missouri, is retired. For forty-four years a copy-reader on the old paper, he kept the faith and lived the life of an old-fashioned gentleman. I have an impression that he was an orderly in the Civil War to Gen. A. J. Smith (afterwards City Treasurer of St. Louis).

He was telegraph editor in the long-forgotten days and the youngsters on Park Row still tell the story of the "Deacon" and the Chicago fire, when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp. As the report came into the office, the "Deacon" read it and passed it along. At the end of the night he calmly put on his coat and hat and turning to the other men on the paper, said:

"Boys, there has been a fire in Chicago to-night; look out for it."

And so one might go on piling up story after story of the old shop. It would be futile, for the reason that the paper itself has told it all. Its columns cry out from its myriad voices. "Jersey" Chamberlain, who invented the phrase, "der chail is out," Eddie Townsend, that we all loved as "Chimmie Fadden," Dr. Woods, the "great condenser," "Boss" Patten (now dead) who wrote Latin as well as he did English, and his English was faultless; Eddie Hill (the best reporter that ever lived); Frank O'Malley (whose humor is equal to that of Mark Twain)—that was the old *Sun* staff.

To say more would be a work of supererogation.



## No Regrets

By Carl Sandburg

**A** FEW weeks ago a young man died in New York and was buried. None of the press associations carried news of his death. And outside of a few paragraphs in REEDY'S MIRROR, there seems to be general silence, also general ignorance, that the man is dead. Perhaps in this instance it is of no importance that O. Henry regarded his friend, Harris Merton Lyon, as one of the greatest living artists in writing the short story, and magazine publishers of O. Henry stories, after the death of O. Henry, chose his friend, Harris Merton Lyon, to write the finish for uncompleted stories. And perhaps it doesn't matter at all that many young men followed the work of Lyon with a keen interest, taking him for a brave searcher after new styles and methods for getting an art record for the thoughts and viewpoints of a modern man.

Here was a man who had conquered the craft and technique of the short story. He would kick-off at the start of a story sometimes in polished, classic speech, and sometimes with the fresh, poignant slang of a first-rate re-write man on a metropolitan newspaper. And from this opening intrigue for attention, he would go on to a climactic end, running characters and motives like horses in a race and nobody in the grand stand knowing which would win till the horses came under the wire.

A master-craftsman, during the latter years of his life he had little, almost nothing published in the big magazines that pay decently for stories. He could write stories the editors of those magazines wanted, all right. Only he wouldn't. He held stubbornly, perhaps foolishly—and yet invincibly to the death—that he would write what seemed to him, as an artist and modern man, the thing most important and joyous for himself to write. He died holding to this creed and the narration of some of the stern fates that surrounded him in his latter days would probably match the shadows of poverty and isolation notoriously associated with Edgar Allen Poe.

The last story of his I read was printed in one of the magazines that plays sex red and raw. Character depiction and movement of plot in this particular story were superb. It was titled, "The Girl Who Was Lonely." As an artistic short-story, it was all there. Only one flaw ran through it, spoiling it for the big magazines that pay decently. It assumed that women have legs and men chase after women with a fierce zest and there are persons violating the accepted moral conventions who seize as much joy from life as those who proclaim the decalogue, and some who are "righteous overmuch" get less from life than strong, frank sinners. This same story, guised over with the moral gauze of a Robert Chambers, would have been a winner, easily making a position among the big magazines best described as paying decently.

While the series of essays and kit-kats called "From an Old Farmhouse" were running in REEDY'S MIRROR, I wrote the editor several times to come on with more of it, that it was intensely modern, yet with keen sympathies and understanding of ancient writers and philosophers who, too, were modern. Lyon was alive to all good new things. At the very beginning of the "Spoon River Anthology" in the MIRROR, Lyon wrote Masters, urging him on and wishing that he, Lyon, had been capable of the conception of the small-town graveyard as a medium to present viewpoints of life.

One of his papers in the farmhouse series was on Death. Not Stevenson, Whitman nor Turgenieff has been more compelling in their musing over life's finality for the individual. This paper should be reprinted.

Contemplating the latter career of Lyon, my mind flashes to the closing chapter of Gorky's "Foma Gordyeff." Foma got up to make a speech at a dinner of Russian business men on a steamboat

on the Volga. Foma pointed at one man after another, naming nearly all of those present and specifying one or more definite acts of theft, violence or adultery in which they had partaken in contradiction to a moral code all of them were publicly voicing. What they did to Foma was, beat him till he knew nothing. It is costly to tell truth.

Harris Merton Lyon paid some of the costs of being a truth-telling artist. Yet along with Stevie Crane, the big, free, glad way he roamed through most of his life makes it a good life, a rich life to look back on. The life that is poured into those two books, "Sardonic" and "Graphics" was one much worth living.

I hazard the guess he wouldn't demur at having his epitaph taken from the ad of the motor-car maker who proclaims:

"No regrets."

♦♦♦♦

## The Honest Man

By Jan Gordon

**I**N old Montenegro, those high, bare mountains between Rieka and Grahovo—in the midst of which Cetinje nestles in its fertile cup so ill-supplied are the farms with soil that from one acre a man might carry away on his back all the arable land in one single journey. Hunger and the Montenegrin are sons of the same soil to which liberty has a near cousinship. Thus the children of the Black Mountains are driven into other lands seeking for work, to withdraw from their pinched homes the craving of their own appetites.

One such wanderer traveling across Bosnia, Slavonia (where he enriched himself by a cunning robbery), Baska and Transylvania, crossed at last the borders in Russian Galicia, where he married a fine, healthy maiden of the country; founded with his ill-gotten capital a small hotel and other enterprises; prospered exceedingly and at length came to die, leaving behind him an iron-bound chest filled with a pretty treasure.

Child there was none, and the buxom girl, grown old and fat, had preceded him into the unknown. Her relatives came post-haste to the good man's burial, but great was their chagrin to find that the whole chest, also whatever moneys the sale of the Montenegrin's houses might procure, were all bequeathed to the Gospodar of his old country, by him to be divided for the good of the nation. The relatives returned to their own homes, cursing all strangers and venting their disappointment upon their disappointed wives. The iron-bound trunk less the death duties, was sent by train as far as Cattaro and thence carried by mule-back to Cetinje, till at last the agent in charge of the affair had placed it between the hands of the Gospodar himself.

The Prince pondered for some while over the problem of this money. At length he sent for the Chief Minister. The Minister came smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Petko," said the Prince, "you know of these moneys which have been left us. We must appoint a man to divide them amongst our people."

"Gospodar," said the Chief Minister, "I have the very man. Svetko Maritch, Gospodar. Appoint him."

The Prince pulled his moustache.

"Um," he considered. "I have not heard such an excellent report of Svetko. . . . Is he not a cousin of yours?"

"Therefore the man to entrust with this business," said the Chief Minister.

The Prince smiled, for he had a sense of humor. He sent for the War Minister.

"Ilya," said the Prince to the War Minister, who had been in office more than twenty-five years and could not sign his own name. "Do you know of a man who could divide this money for me?"

Ilya rubbed his chin. "There is Lazar Moiskovitch," he suggested.

"I was looking for a man," said the Prince, look-

ing into the air and smiling softly, "not a money-bag, Ilya."

"But those who have money would divide this more justly," urged Ilya.

The next day as he sat beneath the arbour receiving the petitions and hearing the complaints of his people, the Prince said to all:

"Who of you is the most honest man in all Montenegro?"

Some said this man, some said that other; but at last all agreed that Yevto Milutin might be counted the most praiseworthy.

"I have heard of Yevto," said the Prince, and sent for him.

Yevto Milutin came stepping through Cetinje to speak with the Gospodar. Forty years old was he, but looked still twenty-five; his eyes were clear like the black lake of Jabliak, his nose was fine as the beak of a hawk; six-foot-two was he in his sandals, and a great fighter, yet no man could say that one unjust deed was laid against him in heaven. He took his small, round cap in his hand and bowed before the Prince.

"Yevto," said the Prince, smiling, "they tell me that you are the most honest of all my subjects."

"Who say so?" said Yevto.

"The people," said the Prince.

"Whom the people like they idolize," said Yevto.

"You should ask the Turks, Gospodar."

"This is nothing to do with the Turks," answered the Prince. He signed to two of his "Perianik," who came forward bearing the chest.

"Yevto Milutin," said the Gospodar, "this is the treasure from Russia. Swear to me that you will divide it fairly and justly between my people."

"I swear," said Yevto.

"Swear that you will divide it like God Himself."

"I swear to divide it like God Himself," said Yevto.

The Prince signed, and the "Perianik" strode away bearing the treasure between them, while behind, Yevto followed, his eyes looking towards the ground, deep in thought.

In his own home Yevto unlocked the box and counted out the gold and the silver between his fingers. He made a list of names, and against each name set a figure. According to the figures he made the money into packages.

The next day, accompanied by a Kvass, he visited the Ministry. With each Minister he left a parcel of the money, and each Minister—as he opened the parcel, and the gold and silver coins rolled over the papers—rejoiced, for nobody had held Yevto for a courtier. He visited the homes of the wealthy, he visited the voivodas and the greater merchants.

At the end of a week, very weary, he came to the Gospodar with a large parcel in his hands.

"Oh, Gospodar," said Yevto, "I bring your share of the treasure."

"Does that much remain over?" asked the Prince, astonished.

"This is your share," said Yevto, and the Prince took the money, for he held Yevto an honest man.

But in a little while complaints began to reach his ears. Yevto was a scoundrel, said the peasants. Not one piastre of the Russian money had he given to the poor and needy, but all to the rich—to the Maritch, to the Sorchitza, to the Moiskovitch and a host of others, who, God knows, were wealthy enough. Very angry, the Prince sent for Yevto. And he was frowning as the man came to him.

"What is this?" said the Prince sternly. "You have deceived me. You have divided the treasure like a sycophant and a courtier, and not like an honest man, Yevto. My peasants have not touched one piastre of the treasure, but you have given it to the rich and powerful."

"I have obeyed your commands, Prince," said Yevto with dignity. "Had you told my honesty to divide the treasure, then I would have given to each his portion, especially to those who were poor. You told me to divide the treasure like God, and like God I have divided it."

From The New Witness.



# Letters From the People

The "Deutschland" and the "Lusitania"

St. Louis, July 25, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Regarding the *Deutschland* and the *Lusitania*, it seems to me that you persistently blind yourself to the fundamental difference between an auxiliary cruiser of the British navy and an absolutely unarmed merchantman. The *Lusitania* carried, according to her own ship's manifest, enough ammunition to kill 20,000 German soldiers. The officers and crew of the *Deutschland* are not permitted to carry even revolvers. Our government has passed as unarmed, the merchant ships of England, France and Italy which had six-inch guns mounted on their decks, yet a heavy rifle ball is sufficient to sink a submarine.

Another point seems to have been forgotten, which was made very plain at the time of the *Lusitania* horror. The Germans who warned American citizens not to sail on that ship, had no idea of killing peaceful passengers. They only hoped to sink a fast munition carrier, or to entice a British warship out to sea, to get a shot at her. They did not know that the fast liners of the big English shipping companies were faultily constructed.

The discharge of a torpedo into one or two of the water-tight compartments of a properly built steamer would allow ample time to rescue everybody on board; but the British liners are not built with a double hull that is divided up into a succession of water-tight compartments. There is an outer hull that is divided, from stem to stern by one continuous partition. When one side of this "skin" is punctured, one-half of the so-called "safety chamber" fills with water, the weight of which causes the vessel to turn over on her side and sink in a few minutes. This is why there was such fearful loss of life from the impact of an iceberg in the northern Atlantic, and from the blow of a little tugboat in the *St. Lawrence*.

After the sinking of the *Titanic*, the owners of the fast British liners were ordered to divide the outer compartments of their passenger vessels by a succession of bulkheads, so that if the hull were punctured, only a small part of the safety chamber would be filled with water. A German shipowner would have obeyed the government's order—or he would have gone to prison. In free England the order was ignored, with the resultant loss of 1,150 lives on the *Lusitania*. The law-abiding Germans took it for granted that the *Lusitania's* hull had been made safe from the menace of icebergs, tugboats and torpedo explosions, to the extent that she could remain afloat for several hours—giving abundant time to take off everything but the munitions which were designed to kill the fathers and husbands of German children and women. The real crime was committed by the nation which permits its auxiliary cruisers to carry children and women on the same vessel with explosives; but it will require the wit of a later generation to see this joke.

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. POISSE

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#### White Blankets in the Sale

Value	\$2.50	\$2.75	\$3.75	\$4.50	\$6.00	\$6.50 a pair
Sale price	2.00	2.25	3.00	3.50	4.50	5.00 a pair
Value	\$7.50	\$9.50	\$11.50	\$12.50	\$13.50 a pair	
Sale price	6.00	7.00	8.25	9.50	10.50 a pair	

#### Gray Blankets

Value	\$3.00	\$3.75	\$4.25	\$5.00 a pair
Sale price	2.25	3.00	3.50	4.00 a pair
Value	\$6.25	\$7.50	\$10.00	\$11.00 a pair
Sale price	5.00	6.00	7.50	8.00 a pair

#### Plaid Blankets

Value	\$2.75	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$7.50 a pair
Sale price	2.00	4.00	4.50	6.00 a pair
Value	\$8.75	\$10.50	\$12.00	\$13.00 a pair
Sale price	6.75	8.00	9.50	10.50 a pair

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### Poliomyelitis and Prohibition

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The sensational treatment by the newspapers of the epidemic of infantile paralysis in New York City which you deplore, and properly so, on the ground that through the power of suggestion such action by the press is likely to precipitate a panic in other cities, becomes all the more glaring when it is remembered that though the diseases and deaths due to poverty outnumber all others in the ratio of a thousand to one, the newspapers make almost no mention of them. Moreover, neither the newspapers nor the public show any active interest in ascertaining the cause for infantile paralysis, but appear not to want to know, so confidently do they rely on the medical profession and the health authorities to "stamp it out."

Addressing those who take greater interest in causes than in effects, I rise to ask if the cause for the present outbreak of infantile paralysis cannot be



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correctly traced to the prohibition movement?

(When you are entirely through laughing I will continue.)

Most of us have been taught and many of us believe that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. As ordinarily applied, this bit of wisdom is limited to the acts of an individual, but if true in the case of a single person, isn't it also true of the acts of a large number of persons, of a race or of a nation? And is there not a Nemesis which follows and punishes national sins or the mistakes of the collective body? That there is and that there is no escape from the consequences of united action is as certain as that there is an effect which follows every individual

act. What form the punishment will take we cannot always tell, but we do know that it will come. Who, therefore, will say positively that the scourge of infantile paralysis is not due to prohibition?

Consider what prohibition is. It is the effort by some people to forcibly prevent other people from obtaining intoxicating liquors, and the desire of the prohibitionist to accomplish this purpose is so strong that he employs the aid of the state and so borrows the policeman's club to beat his opponents into submission. He thus joins with others in committing an act which he would refrain from doing himself, even if he had the power, and in this respect, though he is far from realizing it, is

guilty of unwarrantable coercion, a misuse of the machinery of government and an indefensible invasion of individual rights. Now, will the prohibitionist say that the penalty for such conduct is *not* infantile paralysis. Well, what is the penalty, then?

C. F. SHANDREW.

Philadelphia, July 17.

### About Two Authors

St. Louis, July 30, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Where can I find out something about Leonard Merrick? Is he living, and, if so, what is the accepted reason that he doesn't write? I have all his books that Mitchell Kennerley published, but there are short stories I wish to procure which are not included in any of these; —*"C'est mieux ici que là,"* for instance, which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* some years ago, and others whose titles I don't remember.

Carl Ewald is another of whom I would learn. Is he living? No more genuine treat could be spread before your readers—if I may say so—than a reprint of the delicious tales, "The Spider," and "Aunt Eider Duck," in "The Spider and Other Tales."

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.

[Leonard Merrick is alive, in London. A letter, care of the Savage Club, will reach him, though he may now be "doing his bit" for England, "somewhere in France." A number of Mr. Merrick's stories have been printed in the MIRROR, through permission of Mr. Mitchell Kennerley. Probably he is not writing now because he is otherwise engaged. Possibly his vogue has departed, temporarily.

Carl Ewald's work is translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. The stories are copyrighted and cannot be reproduced without permission. Carl Ewald is still living.]

### Prophetic Election Figures

St. Louis, July 30, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Will Wilson win? Let us look at the 1912 election returns. Wilson received more votes in the electoral college than any former candidate for the office of president. The popular vote was: Wilson, 6,293,454; Roosevelt, 4,119,538; Taft, 3,484,980. The total for Taft and Roosevelt was 7,604,518.

Debs received 900,672, Chafin, 206,275; Reimer, 28,750.

The 1912 was the hottest campaign since 1896. The 1904 Roosevelt vote was 7,623,486; the 1908 Taft vote was 7,678,903. The total vote in 1912 for Taft and Roosevelt, 7,604,518, indicates clearly that the Republican party had been at a standstill for eight years and declined in 1912.

The old line Germans always voted "mit Sigel." So they will this time. This will not change the Republican result. Add to this what you will of the hyphenated German and Irish vote and you may lose from the Wilson column in Chicago, 30,000; St. Louis, 15,000; Cincinnati, 15,000; Milwaukee, where the voters of German descent vote the Socialist ticket, 10,000, and New York City another 60,000, and throughout the country 3 per cent of the Wilson vote and you have about 180,000

in addition, making a total of 300,000 votes.

But do not count these in the Hughes column. Allan Benson, the Socialist candidate for President, will receive two million votes this year. These will come from both the Wilson and Progressive-Republican columns. The Progressives have not yet given up hope of putting a ticket in the field. Many Progressive votes will go to the Prohibition candidate, more to the Socialist and most to Wilson and Hughes. The Progressives will make up for Wilson what the hyphenates take from him. The big interests can only call upon the business vote, not the laborers or mechanics, voters that refuse to be led, as formerly. The Republican party vote will fall far below six million votes.

J. P. H.

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Handsome Mole Coats combined with other furs, \$185 to \$650.

### Caracul Coats

Caracul Fur Coats, of full curled skins and extremely flat baby skins, will be worn much this year, and they are very handsome. Beautifully trimmed or combined with mole, fox, Kolinsky and skunk, \$115 to \$650.

THIS is the Eighth Stix, Baer & Fuller August Fur Sale, and is recognized as pre-eminent for many reasons.

IT sounds the correct style keynote for the coming season and offers for selection the widest range of fine furs, made of the best selected skins, and provides opportunities for economy that induce fur buying in August.

OWING to extensive purchases of fine skins made at the beginning of the year we are able to offer for this sale garments of the highest character, at prices that instantly appeal to our clientele.

### Scarfs, Muffs, Sets

The August Sale includes a great variety of small furs of every description, and there is a vast quantity of popular-priced articles that are offered at the same savings that characterizes the very highest class garments. The sale is broad in its scope and appeals to everybody.

### Hudson Seal

Hudson Seal Coats maintain their popularity for style and durability, and they will be in great demand the coming season, as well as Hudson Seal Scarfs, Muffs and Neckpieces. Coats at \$79.50 up to \$375.

### Nutria Beaver

Coats of Nutria Beaver fur are very serviceable. They come in attractive styles for motoring, and Top Coats in various lengths. We offer in the August Sale attractive values at \$110 to \$275.

### Misses' Fur Coats

Particular attention has been paid to the wants of the young ladies who are departing for school. They will do well to come and make their selection from these beautiful Natural Muskrat, Marmot, Hudson Seal and other Fur Coats we have prepared at prices ranging from \$49.75 and up.

Special orders will also be taken for the finer Coats for later delivery. (Third Floor)

### FEATURES OF THE AUGUST FUR SALE

- ☛ Free storage of all Furs purchased until you require them.
- ☛ You may have the Furs charged on the month when you take them from storage.
- ☛ Those who do not have charge accounts may have the same privilege by making a small deposit.
- ☛ Repairing and Remodeling—by our expert furriers, now at summer rates.

**Stix, Baer & Fuller**  
GRAND-LEADER SIXTH WASHINGTON SEVENTH & LUCAS SAINT LOUIS

### Baseball for Charity

The St. Louis Browns will play a match game with the Washington Nationals at Sportsman's Park, Wednesday, August 9, for the benefit of the St. Louis Tuberculosis Society, and arrangements have been made to have Walter Johnson pitch for the visiting club. The game will be one of the regular series of this season between the two American League clubs, but will be altogether different from the usual baseball game because of the setting. The grand stand and boxes will be decorated with red and white, the Tuberculosis Society's colors, and instead of the usual white-jacketed hawkers of peanuts and soda pop, all refreshments will be sold by pretty girls gowned in white, and each purchase will entitle the person making it to a present as well

### COATS OF ARMS OF FAMILIES OF ITALIAN, FRENCH AND SPANISH ORIGIN.

Write and state from which country your family originates and the family names of the various branches of your ancestors and research will be made if your family or any branches thereof bore coat-of-arms. NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR THESE INQUIRIES. If our search is successful we only charge you for a tracing of the coat-of-arms and for a transcription of the history of the family. Address: Prof. Magnus of the Historical Genealogical Association, 33 Via Margutta, Rome, Italy.

as the edible he buys. More than 4,000 articles, ranging from a bottle of listerine to a player-piano have been donated by local mercantile firms and advertising men to be given away at the game, and every purchaser will get something. Mrs. Alvin Bauman is the chairman of the committee having this in charge, and has about 100 girls and young matrons to assist her.

Score cards and programmes also will be sold, under the direction of Mrs. Nat S. Brown, an active member of the



Tuberculosis Society, and valuable presents also will be given to persons buying these cards. A round-trip ticket to Colorado is one of these presents.

In addition to the big league game there will be another event of general importance. This will be a boys' marathon race over a three-mile course, starting from Grand avenue and Franklin avenue, and finishing in front of the grand stand at the ball park just before the game begins. A. A. McLaughlin is chairman of the committee in charge of the race. Any St. Louis school boys between 14 and 16 years of age, and weighing 125 pounds or less, is eligible. Five silver cups, presented, respectively, by J. Ferd Oberwinder, the St. Louis newspapers jointly, the St. Louis Advertising Men's Club, the St. Louis Y. M. C. A., and the Tuberculosis Society, and five medals will be the trophies.

J. Ferd Oberwinder, vice-president of the St. Louis Advertising Men's Club, is general chairman of the ball game committee. Headquarters have been established at Seventh and Olive streets and all articles designed as presents at the big game are on display there. The Tuberculosis Society also has installed its educational exhibit to acquaint all who desire to know with the work of the Society and the objects towards which the money realized from the ball game will go. The Society has eleven lines of relief and prevention work to conduct in its fight against tuberculosis in this city. It is maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions.

♦♦♦

## Summer Shows

"The Bohemian Girl," Michael Balfe's three-act opera of Gypsy life, has delighted hot weather audiences at the Park Theater this week. "San Toy" was originally booked for production by the Opera company for the current week, but a delayed delivery of this Oriental score necessitated a quick change, so "The Bohemian Girl" was selected. Monday night's performance went off without a hitch, which is truly remarkable, considering that rehearsals were not started until the Thursday before. Producing an opera of such magnitude as "The Bohemian Girl" in five days, is a feat worth mention.

Miss Florence Mackie is surpassing the work she did in the role of *Nina* in "The Firefly." As *Arline*, she is in possession of a role requiring unlimited vocal and dramatic proficiency. Carl Gantvoort, Carl Haydn, Overton Moyle and Milton Dawson are suitably cast. Dolly Castle, Lillian Ludlow, Roger Gray and Billy Kent make their appearance in the form of a specially interpolated number. And Sarah Edwards—what would any Park show be without her?

For next week the Park Opera Company will offer another "Review" with an unlimited number of real novelties, featuring the "Fire Fighters."

♦

The Shenandoah, which has established itself as a home of high-class movie features, has another good programme for this week. On Wednesday, Robert Edeson and Naomi Childers in "The Fathers of Men" topped

the bill. The third chapter of "The Grip of Evil" and Blanche Sweet in the two-reeler, "The House of Discord" were added attractions. Alice Brady in the delightful comedy-drama, "Miss Petticoats," went on for Thursday and Friday, while Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno will close the week on Saturday in "The Shop Girl."

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

Not much doing in Wall Street nowadays. Business is the smallest in months, and representative almost altogether of the interests of the professional crowd. Prices of investment certificates exhibit a drooping tendency; the occasional rallies are of the mechanical or technical kind. The public remains at a safe distance. It is in a suspicious spirit, just as it always is when things don't go the right way, that is, upward. The average "outsider" has no use for "bear" markets. He doesn't comprehend that a short contract, entered into at the right time, is as commendable as a long contract entered into after a big break in prices. There was much popular demand for the common stock of the Chicago, M. & St.

Paul when its quoted value was between 100 and 102½; there's scarcely any at present, though the quotation is down to 94. The idea obtains that the stock should go considerably lower still. According to gossip in brokerage

# "Three Million Dollars In August"

*THAT Is the Goal We Shall Attempt to Reach in Our Stores This Month*

A vigorous selling campaign, planned for the express purpose of demonstrating the value-giving supremacy of our combined stores. Famous-Barr Co., with its chain of stores, has become one of the largest retail operators in America, and it is only natural that manufacturers and wholesalers with large stocks to close should look to this organization as a logical outlet.

This advantage is largely responsible for the profitable purchases that make up this extraordinary sale; and when we tell you that it is destined to be one of the greatest retail events in the history of St. Louis, we are stating a truth that will be proved from day to day as the sale progresses.

**Every day will be a feature day—so watch!**

### The August Fur Sale

Now going on. Offers savings to one-third on all the needed furs for fall and winter.

Third Floor

### The August Furniture Sale

Now in progress. Offers uniform savings of one-fourth on every piece of furniture in our stocks.

Fourth Floor

**Famous and Barr Co.**

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.

Largest Distributors of Merchandise at Retail in Missouri or the West.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise. Few Restricted Articles Are Excepted.

Whew, It's Hot!

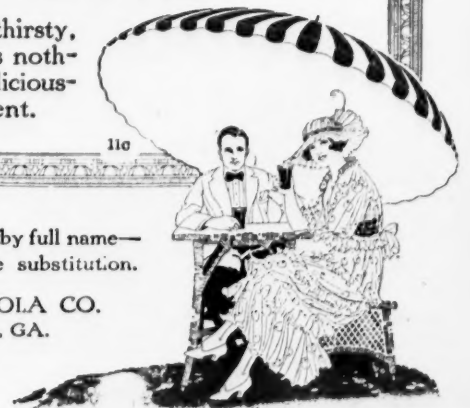
Let's go and get some good old

**Coca-Cola**

When you're hot and thirsty, or just for fun, there's nothing comes up to it for deliciousness and real refreshment.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.



offices, there yet is a great amount of stuff held against margin; especially heavy are the holdings of motor, oil, steel, and mining shares, of stocks, that is to say, which some months ago were quoted at figures of well nigh chimerical character. In the judgment of the "bearish" folks, these commitments must be liquidated before the general market can be expected to be in proper position again. In the last few days, owners of these stale commitments found encouragement in vague predictions on the part of a few "curb" oracles that the Entente Allies are about to place a number of new bulky orders for war supplies of all kinds, and that the prices of the leading metals should therefore record substantial rallies in the next month or two. The sangfroid of this sort of talk was not perturbed by the announcement that the leading selling agencies had reduced their price for copper (electrolytic) to 26 cents while still maintaining a nominal quotation of 29.

It's a badly confused situation. It reminds one of the famous dictum of a Roman philosopher that "no matter how utterly absurd a thing may be, it's bound to be defended by somebody." Some financiers say solemn words about the "cataclysm" in Europe. They are afraid that it will lead to serious stringency in money markets, and a very radical downward revision in the values of all securities. Others pretend to be in a strangely light mood; they believe that the supplies of surplus capital should continue abundant for a long time, and that the period of recovery on the other side of the Atlantic should be neither very long nor very painful. These same optimistic chaps stoutly opine that the many billions of dollars of war debts piled up since August 1, 1914, should not necessarily have a gravely depressing effect on the quoted values of good securities in all the countries of the world. One authority in Washington is credited with the paradoxical statement that the progressive economic ruin Europe may safely be expected to synchronize with still more

pronounced prosperity in the United States.

The leading financial mentor of Great Britain, Francis W. Hirst, who recently laid down the editorship of the London *Economist*, has voiced the opinion, in an interview with the correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, that many of the holders of bonds of the belligerent nations may have to pay the interest thereon themselves, and asserted, at the same time, that "the City" is in favor of peace at the earliest possible date. In the light of all this conflicting theorizing, it can hardly be considered peculiar that the market in Wall Street should be subject to multifarious influences, and act in a manner utterly inconsistent with the run of news from the offices of the great industrial, mining, and railroad corporations.

A few days ago, the United States Steel Corporation gave out its report for the three months ended June 30. The figures were exceptionally fine. They revealed earnings of \$81,126,000, or \$20,412,000 more than for the first quarter. In order to grasp the full meaning of this showing, it must be recollected that not very long ago, that is, in the early part of 1915, the corporation was unable to earn the full quarterly dividends on its preferred stock. For the six months ended June 30, the increase in financial returns was \$105,700,000. The Finance Committee of the corporation thought itself justified, therefore, in declaring an extra dividend of 1 per cent on the \$508,000,000 common stock, making the total amount for the quarter \$2.25, against nothing last year. It is not improbable that another extra dividend of 1 per cent may be ordered disbursed three months hence.

The Stock Exchange fellows naturally took deep interest in the tidings from 71 Broadway; but they didn't enthuse a bit over the increased merits of the common stock. The current quotation for this is 86½, or only about a point above the level of a week ago. Queer, is it not? The top notch in 1915 was 89½. A remarkably good exhibit of earnings was recently submitted also by the Republic Iron & Steel Company. It denoted something like 40 per cent earned on the \$27,000,000 common stock outstanding, after payments on the \$25,000,000 preferred. This notwithstanding, the present quotation for the common shares indicates a decline of \$11 when contrasted with the high mark set in 1915. It is perfectly plain from the foregoing that careful speculators and investors are inclined to hold off pending further developments in Europe and in financial and industrial affairs in the United States. If they should come to the conclusion, by and by, that unfavorable events of a grave character are not likely to occur even after hostilities have ceased, the price of United States Steel common may reasonably be expected to rise to par, and that of the Republic Iron & Steel common to 75.

The money market remains firm in New York. For six months, the loan charge is 4 to 4¼ per cent. For call loans, the average is 2¼ per cent. The recent maxima were 4¾ and 6 per cent, respectively. The moderate declines in the past two weeks were the outcome of Stock Exchange liquidation, gold imports, and improvement in the position of the Clearing-House banks and trust

## The Misses' Store—

has a very special message to-day concerning the arrival of some delightfully new and becoming styles.



### Evening and Party Dresses

in distinctively different models, at \$24.75, \$29.75 and \$35.00

### New Tailored Frocks

of serge, or combinations of serge and silk, at \$15.00, \$16.50, \$19.75 and upward to \$15.00

### New Bolivia Cloth Coats

in smart, youthful models, at \$39.75 and \$49.75

### New Silk Afternoon Frocks

that possess the touch of individuality, at \$19.75, \$24.75 and \$29.75

Sizes 14 to 20 years.

Special—

### Misses' New Summer Frocks

Regularly priced \$8.50, at \$5.95

High waisted, almost Empire in their lines. The materials are voiles and tissues, in solid colors and plaids. They were just received by us and are specially priced for to-day at \$5.95, (Third Floor.)

**Stix Baer & Fuller**  
GRAND-LEADER SIXTH WASHINGTON SEVENTH & LUCAS SAINT LOUIS

## Swope's End-of-The-Season Sale

Unusual  
Price Reductions  
on  
Men's and Women's  
Seasonable  
Shoes

**Swope**  
Shoe Co.  
OLIVE AT 10<sup>th</sup> ST.

companies. The latest statement of these institutions revealed excess reserves of \$109,000,000; the recent minimum, set on July 8, was \$53,500,000. It is apparent that the regnant bankers have adopted a cautious attitude. They are not actively favoring efforts to start another broad "bull" movement on the Exchange. They are closely scrutinizing the contents of loan envelopes containing a large proportion of industrials. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may persist in their present precautionary methods for some time to come, with a view, in part, to preventing such advances in quotations as would be likely to enlarge liquidation for foreign account. There are hints that the slow sag in the prices of some international stocks, since the middle of July, was the result, mainly, of offerings of certificates brought over by the German

submarine. Some bankers place the total par value of these sales at \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

The quotation for sterling exchange shows no variation of importance. Sight drafts on London are rated at \$4.75½. This denotes an improvement of a quarter of a cent when compared with the low point reached immediately before the beginning of gold imports, but a decline of a full cent when compared with the maximum established in March last. French exchange is steady at about 5.90 francs, but German bills continue rather weak. It is a matter of profound significance that the importation of \$200,000,000 gold should have occasioned only a trifling rise in the rate for drafts in London.

Railroad reports still are almost uniformly good. They imply that the inherent values of shares of this kind are

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substantially increased month after month. They also suggest the probability of higher dividend rates in several prominent instances. For the time being, Wall Street is indifferent to news of this kind; it considers it "discounted" in official valuations. Besides, there's the danger of labor troubles. However, holders and would-be buyers of railroad securities will not feel disposed to overlook the constant growth in gross and net revenues. They will conclude that such things must be neatly reflected in prices at some time or other.

#### Finance in St. Louis.

On the Fourth Street Exchange trading was on quite a broad scale in the past week. The demand was strikingly varied, and sufficiently insistent in some cases to cause smart improvement in prices. Speculative considerations were uppermost in the minds of the majority of purchasers. On the principal favorites was Wagner Electric, the quotation for which was lifted to 251. The total of transfers comprised nearly one hundred and fifty shares. There's considerable "bull" talk in regard to these certificates, and further enhancement in value would therefore appear inevitable. Prudent parties should not be in a hurry about entering into long commitments at ruling levels. National Candy common, which was obtainable at 6 some weeks ago, is now valued at 10.62½; one hundred and ninety shares were transferred in the course of the rise from 8 to the present notch. Thirty-five of the preferred were disposed of at 100, a figure denot-

ing an advance of \$2. Ten Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred brought 107.50; forty-five General Roofing preferred, 100; fifty-five Independent Breweries first preferred, 27.50; five Laclede Gas preferred, 100.50; ten Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., 120; and \$2,000 Laclede Gas first mortgage 5 per cent bonds, 101.50.

United Railways issues were firm. The 4 per cent bonds were taken at 62.75; the total of transfers was not large. Of the preferred stock, fifty shares were sold at 19.50, and of the common stock, twenty shares at 5 and 5.25. These prices indicate advances of two points in the former case, and of one point in the latter.

Banking certificates were quiet, but steady. A small amount of Mississippi Valley Trust brought 290, and thirty shares of Bank of Commerce, 108. Transfers of fragmentary lots of Mechanics-American National and German-American Bank stocks resulted in no price changes of moment.

Present indications are that the local market for securities is likely to show increasing activity in the fall months. The speculative appetite seems to be growing more keen, and brokers report that they have plenty of inquiries for first-class interest-bearing issues.

#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	116 1/2	
Natl. Bank of Commerce	107	108
State National Bank	200	
United Railways com.	5 3/4	6
do pfd.	19 1/2	19 1/2
do 4s	62 3/4	62 1/2
Compton Heights 5s	100 1/4	
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	
Kinloch Telephone 6s	105 3/4	
Union Sand and Material	75 1/2	77 1/2
International Shoe com.	97	98
Central Coal & Coke com.		64
Granite-Bimetallic	60	63 3/4
National Candy com.		10 3/4
National Enameling com.	22	24
Wagner Electric	250 1/2	

#### Answers to Inquiries.

BANKER, Fort Smith, Ark.—Lehigh Valley Consolidated 4½ per cent bonds are a good investment, and not overvalued at the current price of 99½. They may, of course, decline two or three points in the event of a downward movement in the general market. On February 11 last, sales were made at 103. The average value of loanable money should be higher in 1917 than it is likely to be in 1916.

E. V. N., Moberly, Mo.—(1) American Hide & Leather preferred is more of a speculation than an investment. Would not advise purchases, the declaration of a 5 per cent dividend notwithstanding. The financial future of the company is doubtful. The sharp improvement in earnings must be regarded as a temporary phenomenon. (2) American Zinc & Lead preferred should be let alone, in view of the uncertain status of the metal industry. The price of the stock would no doubt rally to some extent in case of another turn for the better in the metal markets.

READER, St. Louis.—The Chinese Government Railway 5s cannot be regarded as an especially desirable investment. The ruling price of 72 indicates the existence of serious doubts, in thoughtful investment quarters, as regards the intrinsic merits of the securities. The future of the Chinese Republic seems a perplexing problem, despite the reassuring words of New York financiers and Washington officials.

H. A. U., Minneapolis, Minn.—The

decline of ten points in Great Northern Railroad stock in the past six months reflects foreign liquidation and the sinking movement in the entire market. Depressive force is exerted also by talk of a railway strike and "black rust" damage in the spring wheat regions. Since the current quotation of 117 denotes an investment yield of about 6 per cent, it would appear as though you would be justified in adding to your holdings in the event of a fall to 114.

STUNG, Keokuk, Ia.—(1) Baldwin Locomotive common, now quoted at 69, does not promise to reascend to your purchase level of 108, at least not at this date. Would not recommend additional purchases. It is conceivable, of course, that there might be a recovery of, say, fifteen points sometime hence. (2) Stay out of Willys Overland common.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



# Budweiser

## THE DRINK OF THE GREAT TRIUMPHANT NATIONS

FOR 58 years the brewers of Budweiser have honestly brewed honest beers—the kind that have added to the temperance of nations. Budweiser's quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor has won its way to the top. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. Undoubtedly Budweiser is in a class by itself.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

### ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS · U. S. A

### The Beer for the Home, Hotel, Club and Cafe

## Guaranteed Scissors with

No. K8 6in  
Price \$1.00

## Sharp Edges, Tight Joints

KEEN  
KUTTER

BUY scissors and shears that bear the trade mark "Keen Kutter." That is a positive guarantee that edges are sharp, that joints are tight, that satisfaction and long service are assured.

## KEEN KUTTER Scissors and Shears

are the finest produced. Go to the dealer who sells this famous make. Do not trust to goods that merely "look all right."

Your protection is the "Keen Kutter" trade mark, which means perfect scissors or your money back from the dealer without an argument.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

—E. C. Simmons  
Trade Mark Registered.

All up-to-date dealers will be glad to show them or get them for you.

Simmons  
Hardware Co., Inc.  
St. Louis  
and  
New York, U.S.A.

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Price \$1.00

#### NEW YORK LETTER.

#### DINKS PARRISH'S LAUNDRY

June 26, 1916.

Gentlemen:

The laundry sent you from Cincinnati to be returned to my New York address reached me in the usual excellent condition.

The writer wishes to advise you that the uniformly fine work done by you, together with the accurate returns and dependable service, have relieved him of many annoyances while on a long trip.

I have recommended your laundry to many of my friends on the road who have availed themselves of your system and service.

LEON S. FOX.

133 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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**FREE** VAUDEVILLE CABARET  
ORCHESTRA CONCERTS  
8 REELS FEATURE PICTURES

CHANGE OF PICTURES DAILY

Special Orchestra in Dance Pavillion

**NEW PIKE FEATURES**

Afternoon Concert. Garden Admission Free to 6 P. M.—Admission  
After 6 P. M., 10c.

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY  
AT THE HIGHLANDS

## FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

"The Big Place on the Hill"

**ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE**

DAILY MATINEES. Dancing on the Roof Garden Every Evening and Sun-  
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**MAMMOTH OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL**

"The Cottage"—Popular Priced Restaurant. Giant Captive Balloon, Moun-  
tain Ride, Racer Dips, Miniature Railway, Aerial Swing and many others.  
Fun and amusement for young and old. Come out this afternoon or even-  
ing and join the happy crowds. Free gate until 6 o'clock.  
Reserved seats for vaudeville theater on sale at Grand-Leader.

DELMAR &  HAMILTON

Monday, Aug. 7, Park Opera Co. in

**"THE ENCORES OF 1916"**

Now Playing:

**"The Bohemian Girl"**

## SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

SUMMER SEASON OF PICTURES

Wed., Aug. 2, Robt. Edson in  
"Fathers of Men," and 3rd Chapter,  
"The Grip of Evil;" Thurs. & Fri.,  
Alice Brady in "Miss Petticoats;"  
Sat., Edith Storey in "The Shop  
Girl."

Upon request we will mail you our Booklet entitled

**"How to Invest Your Monthly Savings in Bonds"**

**LORENZO E. ANDERSON & CO.,**

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Bond Dept.

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**Where to go**  
**When to go** *This Summer*  
**How to go**

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358 Broadway

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## BASEBALL TODAY Sportsman's Park

**BROWNS vs. BOSTON**

AUGUST 3, 4, 5, 6

**BROWNS vs. WASHINGTON**

AUGUST 7, 8, 9, 10

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

Tickets on sale at Metropolitan Cigar Store and Grand Leader



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NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED  
from  
RESIDENCE CUSTOMERS

**Union Electric Light and Power Co.**

BRANCHES  
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EACH DAY.

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